THE JURYMAN'S STORY.

We had been out of court twenty-four hours, and stood eleven to one. The case was plain —at least, we eleven thought so. A murder of peculiar atrocity had been committed: and though no eye had witnessed the deed, circumstances pointed to the prisoner's guilt with unfailing certainty.

The recusant juror had stood out from the first. He acknowledged the cogency of the proofs, confessed his inability to reconcile the facts with the defendant's innocence, and yet on every vote, went steadily for acquittal. His conduct was inexplicable. It could not result from a lack of intelligence, for, while he spoke but little, his words were well chosen, and evinced a thorough understanding of the case.

At the prospect of another night of fruitless imprisonment we began to grow impatient, and expostulated warmly against what seemed an unreasonable captiousness; and some not over kind remarks were indulged in as to the impropriety of trifling with an oath like that under which we were acting.

"And yet," the man answered, as though communing with himself rather than repelling the imputation, "it is conscience that hinders my concurrence in a verdict approved by my judgment."

The speaker's manner was visibly agitated, and we waited in silence the explanation which he seemed ready to give. Mastering his emotion, as if in answer to our looks of inquiry, he continued:

"Twenty years ago I was a young man just beginning life. Few had brighter prospects and none brighter hopes. An attachment, dating from childhood, had ripened with its object. There had been no verbal declaration and acceptance of love—no formal plighting of troth, but when I took my departure to seek a home in the distant West, it was a thing understood that when I had found it and put it in order she was to share it. Life in the forest, though solitary, is not necessarily lonesome. The kind of society afforded by nature depends much on one's self. As for me, I lived more in the future than in the present, and hope is an ever-cheerful companion. At length the time came for making the final payment on the home which I had bought. It would henceforward be my own; and, in a few more months, my simple dwelling, which I had spared no pains to render inviting, would be graced by its mistress.

"At the land office, which was some sixty miles off, I met my old friend, George C——. He, too, had come to seek his fortune in the West; and we were both delighted at the meeting. He had brought with him, he said, a sum of money which he desired to invest in land, on which it was his purpose to settle. I expressed a strong wish to have him for a neighbor, and gave him a cordial invitation to accompany me home, giving it as my belief that he could nowhere make a better selection than in that vicinity. He readily consented, and we set out together. We had not ridden many miles, when George suddenly recollected a commission he had undertaken for a friend, which would require his attendance at a public land sale on the following day. Exacting a promise that he would not delay his visit longer than necessary, and having given minute directions as to the route, I continued my way homeward, while he turned back.

"I was about retiring to bed on the night of my return when a summons from without called me to the door. A stranger asked shelter for himself and his horse for the night. I invited him in. Though a stranger, his face seemed not unfamiliar. He was probably one of the men I had seen at the land office—a place, at that time, much frequented. Offering him a seat I went to see to his horse. The poor animal, as well as I could see by the dim starlight, seemed to have been hardly used.

"At the end of half an hour, my guest not returning, I went again to the stable, thinking he might have found his way thither to give personal attention to the wants of his horse. Before going out, from mere force of habit—for we were as yet uninfested by either thieves or policemen—I took the precaution of putting the stranger's watch in a drawer in which I kept my own valuables. I found the horse as I had left him, and gave him the food which he was now sufficiently cooled to be allowed to eat; but his master was nowhere to be seen. As I approached the house, a crowd of men on horseback dashed up, and I was commanded, in no gentle tones, to 'stand!' In another moment I was in the clutches of those who claimed me as their 'prisoner.'

"I was too much stupefied at first to ask what it all meant. I did so at last, and the explanation came—it was terrible! My friend, with whom I had so lately set out in company, had been found murdered and robbed near the spot at which I, but I alone, knew we had separated. I was the last person known to be with him, and I was now arrested on suspicion of his murder. A search of the premises was immediately instituted. The watch was found in the drawer in which I had placed it, and was identified as the property of the murdered man. His horse, too, was found in my stable, for the animal I had just put there was none other. I recognized him myself when I saw him in the light. What I said I know not. My confusion was taken as additional evidence. And when, at length, I did command language to give an intelligible statement, it was received with sneers of incredulity.

"At the end of some months my trial came. It could have but one result. Circumstances too plainly declared my guilt. I alone knew they lied. The absence of the jury was very brief. To their verdict I paid but little heed. It was a single hideous word, but I had long anticipated it, and it made no impression. As little impression was made by the words of the Judge which followed it, and his solemn invocation that God might have that mercy upon me which man was too just to vouchsafe, sounded like the hollowest of hollow mockeries.

"On the morning of the day fixed for my execution. I felt measurably resigned. I had so long stood face to face with death, had so accustomed myself to look upon it as merely a momentary pang, that I no longer felt solicitous save that my memory should one day be vindicated. She for whom I had gone to prepare a home, had already found one in heaven. The tidings of my calamity had broken her heart. She alone, of all the world, believed me innocent; and she had died with a prayer upon her lips that the truth might yet be brought to light. All this I had heard, and it had soothed as with sweet incense my troubled spirit. Death, however unwelcome the shape, was now a portal, beyond which I could see one angel waiting to receive me. I heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and nerved myself to meet the expected summons. The door of my cell opened, and the Sheriff and his attendants entered. He held in his hand a paper. It was doubtless my death-warrant. He began to read it. My thoughts were busied elsewhere. The words 'full and free pardon' where the first to strike my preoccupied senses. They affected the bystanders more than myself. Yet so it was; I was pardoned for an offense I had never committed!

"The real culprit, none other, it is needless to say, than he who had sought and abused my hospitality, had been mortally wounded in a recent affray in a distant city, but had lived long enough to make a disclosure, which had been laid before the Governor barely in time to save me from a shameful death, and condemn me to a cheerless and bardensome life. This is my experience. My judgment, as yours, in the case before us, leads to but one conclusion, that of the prisoner's guilt: but not less confident and apparently unerring was the judgment that falsely pronounced my own."

We no longer importuned our fellow-juror, but patiently awaited our discharge, on the ground of inability to agree, which came at last.

The prisoner was tried and convicted at a subsequent term, and at the last moment confessed his crime on the scaffold.

NEWS OF THE PLAYHOUSES.

A New Star En Route to Shine in Tony Pastor's Galaxy.

Ellen Terry Rumored to Be Preparing to Do a Skirt Dance.

A vital spark is on board the Majestic, which is due in this port to-day. The vital spark is consigned to Antonio Pastor, of East Fourteenth street, and when it is permitted to shine upon the public it will be in the shape of Miss Jenny Hill. Jenny Hill, the vital spark, is the full title of the vivacious young woman who has been the pet of London's music halls for some time. The lady is a character singer, and Antonio has secured her for this country, as already announced in this column, at a salary larger than that paid to the golden Russell of the Casino.

Before leaving London she appeared in a new scena called "The Shades of St. Paul's," written by Messrs. Barnard and Young and composed by J. S. Baker. In this she represented a poor boy who has suffered for a crime not his own and who is dying beneath the shades of St. Paul's. Miss Hill makes appeals to the sympathies of her audience, and is said to be wonderfully magnetic. She began her professional career when she was nine years old. She ran away from home and got an engagement in Yarmouth. She then she has plodded along diligently, winning her position by genuine hard work. Antonio is very pleased at his acquisition. Like Daly and Palmer and Abbey, he announces that "applications for seats for the opening night can be made by mail." Ahem!

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A truly breezy bit of gossip comes from abroad. It is to the effect that Ellen Terry is engaged in the cheering pursuit of taking dancing lessons from the be-skirted Sylvia Grey, of the Gaiety company. Of course it is well to know everything, but what can Beatrice or Olivia or Marguerite want with the genial pirouette? And Miss Terry, moreover, is not daintily footed.

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An English authority tells us of certain articles known as plumpers or contours for improving the shape of the face, and recommends them to actresses. Plumpers are little bits of hard substance to be worn between the cheeks and the teeth, "filling out the obnoxious indentures and improving the face to a considerable degree." They are said to be quite comfortable in the mouth, and are of the same color as the inside of the lips. "Imagine,' says the informant, "Juliet whispering soft nothings to her Romeo while she struggles with her plumpers!"

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Manager Russell of "The City Directory" and "Miss McGinty" is very much interested in the three knocks that announce the rising of the curtain upon Sarah Bernhardt and her plays. He says he shall be forced to introduce them into "The City Directory," the bourne of all that is unconventional and pleasing.

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Augustin Daly has purchased the American rights to a new play by Sardou and Crisafulle. It is entitled "Hotel Goderot." In mentioning the authorship of this play raise your voice at the Sardou, please, and drop it at the Crisafulle.

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Anent the sale of "My Aunt Bridget," it is said that Col. Milliken, the dramatic agent, has a suit in the Superior Court against George Monroe, John C. Rice and Robert B. Monroe, the Colonel claiming that "My Aunt Bridget" is an infringement upon a comedy entitled "A Postal Card," of which he is the author.

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William Archer, a London writer, has stepped into the fiery discussion of the rights of dramatic critics and actors now being carried on in London. He says: "Any artist or would-be artist who appeals to the law for protection against honest criticism is a traitor to Art, which he in fact delivers over to the tender mercies of the Philistines. He should meet with a traitor's doom—outlawry at the mildest."

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Otero has paid a visit to "Reilly and the 400," and was particularly impressed with the tough damsel of the piece.

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The snake used by Sarah Bernhardt in "Cleopatra" came from Philadelphia Monday afternoon. That probably accounts for its wonderful tameness, and non-vivacity.

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Next week Lawrence Barrett produces "The Man o' Airlie," at the Broadway Theatre.

He Is a Dog of High Degree.

Among the dogs of high degree entered for the dog show which opens at the Madison Square Garden next Tuesday is a Japanese spaniel named Tai-Sho (General) which should attract attention. Tai-Sho is owned by A. Curtis Bond, of Dunlap's Cable News Company. Tai-Sho is a male, ten months old, colored black and has the perfect crescent on the face which is generally accepted as evidence of pure breed.

German Republicans Reorganize.

The German Republican Association of the Seventeenth Assembly District has reorganized for 1891 with Edward Leffson for President, Adolph Goebel and George Hoeber, Vice-Presidents; Louis Schneider, Secretary; Herman Scheidenberg, Treasurer, and Henry Egner, Sergeant-at-Arms. This Club was founded in 1856.

Settling a Hotel Bill.

[From Brooklyn Life.]

"What's this charge of 50 cents?"

"The expressman who brought in your trunk."

"Oh, yes. Let's see. I owe you $47 and you owe me $3.50."

"How's that? What's the $3.50?"

"It's money I paid your servants for waiting on the table, carrying ice water, and so forth. Just deduct the amount from my bill."

Making a Pleasure of Duty.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

"I believe you Presbyterians don't keep Lent, Miss Lawrence?"

"I just guess we do. I always have a new suit for Easter."

SPORTING GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

The American Association Shows Fight at a Late Day.

Athletic Club Notes—An Interesting Amateur Billiard Tourney.

It seems to be rather a late day for the American Association magnates to talk fight to the National League. Had they taken this stand about the middle of January, when they could have secured several good Players' League Clubs, their chances would have been better. However, they have displaced Mr. Thurman and declared for a break, and it now remains to be seen what they can do. It was a graceful compliment to President Byrne when the Association, while voting to revolt, last night, at the Murray Hill Hotel meeting, voted also unanimously not to encroach upon the Brooklyn reserve list in their quest for players.

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Cal McCarthy, who is to meet George Dixon, will spar to-night at the benefit which is to be tendered to Eugene Hornbacker.

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The Berkeley Athletic Club have increased their Board of Governors from eleven to fifteen.

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The chances are now very slim for McCarthy and Dixon ever coming together, unless it is with skin gloves in private. The stopping of the Gorman-Leary glove contest settled the question of glove fighting in Jersey City and breaks up the Hudson Athletic Club.

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Pete McCoy is still in the arena and as clever as ever, although age is beginning to tell on him.

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Jim Mutrie is of the opinion that the American Association people are only bluffing.

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The second series of games in the Acme Hall Bowling Tourney resulted as follows: Provident, 728; Montauk, 693. Prospect Hill, 822; Montauk, 719. Prospect Hill, 765; Provident, 721.

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Among the sports at the Manhattan Athletic Club to-day is the handicap shooting tournament and athletic competitions and gymnastic exhibition in the gymnasium.

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There will be some good sparring next Monday evening at the boxing tournament of the Stuyvesant Athletic Club.

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The first of a series of match games at billiards between players of St. Augustine's Literary Union and St. Peter's Library and Athletic Association was played last evening at the rooms of the latter organization, Warren street, Brooklyn. A large gathering of spectators crowded within a few feet of the players and saw very pretty billiards. The contestants were Nagle for the St. Peter's Library and Athletic Association and Roach for the St. Augustines.

Nagle played a cool, confident game and won rather easily by the following score: Nagle, 150; Roach, 94. Highest run, Nagle, 21. McGrady, of handball fame, was referee and William Lawlor, scorer. The next game will be played Thursday evening at St. Augustine's club-rooms, between Maher, S. P. C. L. A., and Shanahan, St. Augustines.

A Mean Remark.

[From Puck.]

Miss Angy New—Miss Oldun told me that she was afraid of the dark.

Miss Vera Cutting—That's strange. I should think she would be more afraid of the light.

'Twould Seem So.

[From the Week's Sport.]

Bobbie Bright.—What's that danger sign put on the lake for, Dad?

Bright.—To give cranks an opportunity to see how near they can get to it without falling in.

RYAN BEATS DANNY NEEDHAM.

The Welter-Weight Fight Decided in the 76th Round.

A Contest of Skill and Endurance Witnessed by 2,500 Sports.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

MINNEAPOLIS, Feb. 18.—The fight between Tommy Ryan, of Chicago, and Danny Needham, of this city, for the welter-weight championship of America, came off in the Twin City Athletic Club rooms, and was finished early this morning, Needham being knocked out in the seventy-sixth round.

The mill was witnessed by about 2,500 sports from the city and various other outside places, including Chicago and Omaha.

The two men stripped beautifully and in the very best of condition.

The fight began at 9.30, and from that time out those present saw one of the prettiest and most scientific contests that has ever occurred in the Northwest.

Matters ran smoothly and about even, give and take being the order of things, until the twenty-fifth round, when, as if actuated by one impulse, the two contestants went at each other pell-mell.

While Needham got in the most blows, at the close of the round Ryan gained a considerable advantage by landing his right in Needham's face with a force that staggered and dazed him.

The thirty-seventh round was another hot one and Needham's face began to show the punishment it had received, though he was otherwise in as good condition as Ryan.

From that time to the forty-eighth round the battle waged evenly and not much advantage was gained by either man.

In the fifty-first, Ryan, with a terrific right-hander in the face, drove Needham against a ring post, and had he followed with his left would have knocked out his man.

In the fifty-fifth round, with a right-hander on the jaw, Ryan knocked Needham through the ropes.

Ryan had displayed wonderful nerve and coolness up to this time, and Needham, while fighting with the vigor usual to him, had plainly met the best man of his class he ever faced.

It was thought that Needham's hands were beginning to give way.

In the sixtieth round Needham freshened up considerably and began leading viciously. Ryan, however, escaped with but little punishment.

The seventieth round concluded with both men remarkably fresh and exhibiting but little signs of punishment. Ryan had not received a bruise. Needham's mouth and left jaw were badly swollen from repeated punching.

Ryan had proved a revelation to the Minneapolis sporting men, being equally clever with Needham, having a magnificent delivery and getting away neatly and successfully.

There was sparring for wind for several rounds, and the referee, Mr. Manix, of the *Pioneer Press*, called on the men to do more fighting.

In the seventy-sixth round Ryan landed with his right hand on Needham's face, knocking him down.

As soon as he got up Ryan upper-cut him repeatedly, Needham going down four times.

The last time he remained down and was carried to his corner, when his seconds threw up the sponge.

The Chicago man was then declared the winner.